

[24/06/08][22:12:55] -

Title: Recipes (or so it says)

Author: the servant

April 15:

The master has long since sent the healers away, and M'Lady's condition does not improve. I think we all know there is nothing to be done for her. Such a sad thing

too, for she is a most kind and Virtuous soul and the Master loves her dearly. I fear for what will happen to him when the day finally comes. His devotion to her is so very passionate.

April 21:

A strange man visited the house today. He had a dark and disturbing air about him. I think the Master would be better off not socializing with him, but I know it is not

my place to say so. Still, it is good that he has some company, however unsavory, for he has been shunning his friends and family all month.

May 16:

M'Lady seems in good spirits today, either that or she is putting on a very brave face. M'lord, however troubles me. He has been acting odd lately since the last time his

"friend" came by; locking himself in the study so that I can't even get in

there to clean! The place must be a wreck, for I heard something shatter in there one night. If he broke that

antique vase of the Missus, she will surely be upset.

May 31:
The master forgot to lock the door to the study this morning and I

was finally able to go inside to clean. It was a mess (as I expected) but not quite in the way I imagined. Books and papers lay strewn everywhere, and while nothing of major

importance seems to be broken, i did notice some odd shards laying on a table near an eerily glowing crystal. Just as I was about to run from the room in fright, the Master came in and

threw me out. He has asked me to pack my things and leave, coming only each morning and afternoon to give Lady Palasin her medicines. I am truly becoming concerned...

June 23:
The day has come at last. M'lady passed on in the middle of the night, and as I feared, the Master seems to have lost his mind. Even now I hear him thrashing

about in the study upstairs. I know I should go in to comfort him, but I am terrified. He is truly in a rage and I fear he may harm me in his despair.

July 1:

The master seems oddly calm since the funeral last week, but there is a mad gleam in his eyes that worries me, and he stalks about the house like a beast on the prowl.

July 12:

I come each morning to do my chores and leave as quickly as I can these days. Many times the Master does not seem to be here, but I hear strange noises coming

from what seems to be the floor below. I was told this house had a dungeon once, but I have never found any entrance to a basement. This place is beginning to spook me. There is a new shipment

of spirits nearly every day now, and the Master's eyes are bloodshot with too much ale. I fear he is drinking himself to oblivion.

July 24:

Master Erric was unusually nice when I arrived today, although he reeked of stale wine. He had ordered a block of caramel and asked me to make candy apples, as

they were M'lady's favorite treat and today would have been her 30th birthday. The apples look quite delicious, and he encouraged me to go ahead and eat some. I've been feeling a bit ill

since I did though, and it is getting hard to carry about my chores. I

should really go and stir
the kettle on the
fireplace now, but I am
so tired. I must get up
and take care of it

though, for he will
surely be displeased
if i burn the
fo...

*an ink line trails across
the page and the rest of
the book is empty*